

In Hell

Monologue for 1 Person, male or female

©2011 Kim Pullen

*Setting: Bare stage. Lighting recommendations: Mostly silhouette. Use dim key and fill lighting, leave some shadows on actor's face. Gel suggestions: **AMBER** and **RED**. **Lighting changes in blue.***



AMBER lights up on actor seated on the floor at downstage center.

There's a lot of things they don't tell you when you go to hell.

I never was a very religious person. I never even believed in it...hell. But that didn't stop me from coming.

When you first get here, they give you, of all things, a Bible. Mine looked just like the one we used to keep on our coffee table when I was kid. Big. White. My whole family tree was in there written in my mother's curvy handwriting. My mother was so beautiful.

(Fade in RED.)

(She convulses as first burning starts and builds.)

It's true, you know. The burning.

(Her convulsions ease). **Fade to AMBER.**

But the burning of your soul hurts a lot more than anything you ever felt in your body. Sometimes it's the sharp sting and lingering pain of a hot iron against the tender skin of your forearm. Other times, its like someone compressing your face against the hot burner of a stove. But that's not the worst of it...

When they gave it to me—the Bible, I mean—I just threw it away. I didn't read it while I was alive, why the heck would I read it after I was dead?

I remember seeing movies. There were people in insane asylums, people screaming, sobbing, drooling, muttering to themselves. It was always a little freaky. We got that here. Mostly though everybody walks around crying or they just sit and rock themselves staring into the darkness.

The weird thing was that everywhere I went that stupid Bible showed up. It was like the thing had sprung legs--

Fade in RED.

(She convulses.)

--and just following me all over the place.

(She spasms again and this time it lasts a little longer). ***Fade to AMBER.***

At first I thought being here wasn't so bad. Well, the burning was. But, nobody bothered me. Nobody talked to me either. They all just rocked and stared, thinking about...their life. You could see it in their eyes. The longing. The regret.

One of the worst things is there's not a whole lot to do here. Just sit...and remember all the opportunities I had to change. To be somebody different. I mean I was trying real hard not to think about my life, that just for the heck of it, I picked up that Bible and started reading it. I read it cover to cover without moving. All 1362 page of it. Damn them. That's when I realized why they give it to you.

Fade in RED and build intensity.

(She convulses but tries to keep it at bay.)

For the first time, I understood what real agony was. I realized what I would never, ever have—no love, no peace, no...hope. Ever. *(Laughs)* That's the hell of it. *(She screams.)*

Cut to BLACK.